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CENTER LINE

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DIV. THREE NUMBER

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THE MONTANA



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M E E T

FRANK PERRY ROBBINS, Bridge Project Engineer. Born in La-Prairie, Illinois, February 26, 1886, Frank migrated to Crow Agency at the tender age of two, so he comes close to being a native son. Got his bridge experience the hard way, having been with the Security Bridge outfit as superintendent before joining forces with the department way back in September, 1927, as a bridge foreman. No glaring bad habits, but will take a drink rather than cause any hard feelings.

JOSEPH ROBERT ROUNTREE, Acting Instrumentman. Bob, like Eph, was foreign-born, they both hailing from Missouri. Has lost most of the "squeak" due to that circumstance and you can't tell him from the rest of the boys now. Came to Forsyth in 1917. Had a little trouble there completing his high school course. Had to take an extra year or two, as the Forsyth bunch would not recognize his credits in hog-calling, obtained back in old Missou. Entered the employ of the department in '34 as a timekeeper. Bob is married and the proud papa of two, boy and girl. He isn't exactly a fisherman, but he fishes a lot (with bait, too). A fair rifle shot though, and can bust the radiator out of a car nearly every shot. On the wagon at present. One of the more rabid softball fans and will fight for his rights.

GEORGE ALLEN BARRETT, Project Engineer. Born in Wona, Wyoming, in 1904 but moved across the line six years later and stayed put. Gave the Garden City a hand with their engineering problems once and served a hitch with the B.P.R. before enlisting with the department back in '32. Married and has a daughter. George fishes too. Something of a bear-cat during pheasant season, and better than a green hand at hoisting a few. Gave up baseball due to a trick knee and is now star catcher on the softball team that is going to beat the tar out of the Miles City bunch the 13th of August (this reporter was something of a prophet -- see Random Rip Rap -- Ed).

SELMER DICK LARSON, Acting Project Engineer, Bridge. You guessed it. Born in Minnesota in the fall of '06. Unable to find out when he settled in these parts. Quite some time ago though, as he speaks the native tongue only when excited or "riled". Been married some years but it appears he will be the last of the line. No heir as yet. Started out as a rodman one blustery day in March, 1927, and has been on the pay-roll since. Used to fish for the wily trout but since taking up his abode along the lower Yellowstone has forsaken rod and reel, hip boots, etc., for the more leisurely trot-line, set-line, jork-line or whatever it is you use when you take out after a catfish. As for his habits, good and bad, it will save a lot of space by just saying "He don't smoke."

OSCAR KORNELIUS OSTENSON, Acting Project Engineer. You're wrong on this one. Born in Livingston, Montana, about Thanksgiving Day, 1904, and has stuck close by the Yellowstone ever since. Used to raise a lot of wheat over in Stillwater County up on the benches till the big drouth set in. Things looked a little too tough in the spring of '31 so Oscar went to work for the department checking gravel and has stayed with us. Married and has one lipstick to support. Saves the money that the rest of us spend for fishing and smokes cigars and drinks moderate amounts of good whiskey.

ALVA LOUIS SZATON, Acting Project Engineer. Also a native son, born in Butte May 7, 1907. A veteran in the service of the state. Is married and has a daughter. Is a fly fisherman, ball fan and at present is taking Scotch and soda. Is a regular member of that well known dog house. Recently recreated the phrase "kill the umpire."

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DEFINITIONS OF A HIGHWAY ENGINEERING CREW. -- By Willard Warren, field computer, Nevada State Highway Department.

Stake Puncher -- New man, hard worker, still fired with ambition. "The meek shall inherit the earth" -- also the sledge hammers.

Chainman -- Inanimate being. Coaches stake puncher, curses rodman, and does nothing.

Rodman -- Man with hero worship of instrument man and burning jealousy for other rodmen. Impressed with self importance. Usually able to set up transit and add two and two.

Computer -- Lowly individual with no brains, less ability and infinite patience. Stodge for everyone, and cover-up man for the crew.

Gravel Checker -- Primitive man. Subsists on mixture of dried sandwiches, alkali dust and corn whiskey. Purpose in life is to watch contractor's equipment at work.

Bridge Inspector -- Man of average ignorance. Equipped with steel rule, two pencils and sour disposition.

Instrument Man -- Man devoid of soul. Pirate at heart. Flat at the feet and swelled at the head.

Project Engineer -- Man with Simon Legree complex. Insists on more work, more work orders and less time off for the crew.

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A FEW OF THE FACTS ABOUT

division 3

By R. J. Ephland, Division Engineer

Division No. 3 is located in the south-central part of Montana and includes all of Sweet Grass, Stillwater, Carbon, Yellowstone, Big Horn and Treasure Counties, as well as portions of Musselshell and Golden Valley Counties.

Total road mileage is approximately 575. On the primary system are 477 miles of oiled surface, 25 miles as yet unsurfaced, and 3 miles of concrete pavement. The secondary mileage totals approximately 70, part of which is oiled, part gravelled and part unsurfaced. Not to be overlooked is the fact that 248 bridges have been constructed in this division alone.

In connection with the bridges mentioned, many of these structures are of somewhat antiquated design, due to the fact that this section was, and still is, the "Crossroads of the Northwest", resulting that many bridges were needed and built to serve the populous Midland Empire during the comparatively early days of the State Highway Commission. The big problem of the old timers was not so much good roads as it was the problem of stream crossings. Such streams as the Boulder, Stillwater, Big Horn, Little Big Horn and Rosebud Rivers, all tributaries of the Yellowstone, presented year-round crossing difficulties. The same was true of the Musselshell. The first several years of the existence of the State Highway Commission were devoted almost exclusively to bridges. That its principals of design and construction were sound is attested by the fact that many of the first bridges constructed by the Commission are still in use and serving well.

Historically, this section of the state is possibly the oldest and certainly the richest. The first building in what is now Montana was erected near the confluence of the Yellowstone and Big Horn Rivers in 1807 by a Spaniard named Manuel Lisa. This was used as a fur trading post and was known as Fort Manuel or Fort Lisa. The first herds of Texas longhorns passed this way a few years later. The old Bridger Trail lies along and through the Crow Indian Reservation and thence west from Big Timber up the Yellowstone. Indian battles aplenty were fought in this neighborhood, the most noteworthy being the Custer Massacre in 1876.

The Yellowstone and tributary valleys form the largest single irrigable area to be found within the boundaries of the state. The largest beet sugar factory in the world is located at Billings, this factory milling the product of over 30,000 acres of sugar beet land. The yearly output is over one hundred million pounds of highest grade sugar.

Also to be found in Billings is the world's largest horse sales market. The wool clip from the Midland Empire compares favorably with any area of like size in the world. The days of the big cow outfits are a thing of the past but there are still thousands of range cattle in this part of the country.

Strictly speaking, this section is devoted to agriculture, livestock and diversified farming. Manufacturing and wholesaling are rapidly coming to the fore, however. More than 80 factories and plants are in operation in Billings alone, including, besides the sugar factory, flour mills, canneries, cereal plants, packing plants, creameries, oil refineries and foundries.

North of Billings are thousands of acres underlaid with great deposits of bituminous coal. Vast chrome and coal deposits have been found near Red Lodge.

Billings, headquarters for Division No. 3, is now the third largest city in Montana. At its present rate of growth, another ten years and it will be the largest. Long known as the "Crossroads of the Northwest" from the standpoint of rail and motor travel, this city is now an "aerial" crossroads as well, being served by two north-south and east-west transcontinental airlines, and boasts one of the largest and finest airports in the northwest.

Billings has the strongest radio station in the state, and the world's highest self-supporting broadcasting tower, 568'-8" high.

The Midland Empire is made more accessible by the operation of five railroads through and within it, namely, the Northern Pacific, Great Northern, the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy and the Montana-Wyoming Southern.

The most scenic of all entrances to Yellowstone National Park is the Cooke City Entrance, via Billings and Red Lodge.

The Mont Aqua mineral hot springs are internationally famous for the curative properties of their waters. This water is bottled and shipped to cities in nearly every state in the Union.

And last but not far from least, Division Three unquestionably has the best softball team to be found within the ten divisions. Any Doubting Thomases can get the proof by challenging through the proper channels. Suitable liquid refreshment and entertainment are to be the spoils of the winner.

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Evans Begovitch, janitor at the Helena office building, surprised his friends recently by announcing that on August 1st he had taken unto himself a wife. The bride, formerly Juanita Davis, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Davis of Bozeman, and has been employed on the nursing staff of St. Peter's Hospital in Helena.

The wedding took place in Boulder, and the newlyweds are making their home at 1032-1/2 Breckenridge Street. Happy Days.

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MY HOME

ON WHEELS

By Mrs. Milo Lahn

Lend me your ears, Ye Traveling Engineers!!

To those who know what it is to be moving all year round, I would especially dedicate this article. I don't profess to be a writer, but in hopes I may help someone else to see the light, I have set forth my ideas herein.

If you will pardon me for personifying the most humble of all places, home, I want to say what an angel of peace the trailer house was when it came to our assistance.

Have you ever been perfectly content where you are living when one evening in pops hubby and says, "Well, get packed, we have to be in -- (well, most any place 100 or 200 miles away or maybe farther) tomorrow." If you have, then you know how my heart would sink when I heard those words. It meant slinging things into boxes, etc., and trying to get everything packed into a car. By the time you had burned half of what you had accumulated during this stay because there wasn't room for it, and hubby would be making some of the following remarks -- "For cat's sake, you don't need to take that along; well, there just isn't room; no, the kids will have to find something else to play with, I'd pack a box and ask my best friend if she would please keep this for a while until I'd settled. A lot of folks know I haven't settled yet, or have forgotten.

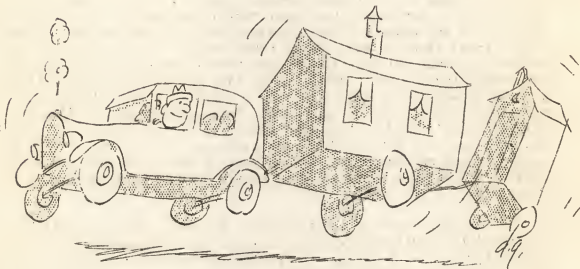
This was only the beginning, however. When we would arrive at our appointed destination, tired out, we had to commence our feverish search for a place to live. No apartments to be had, especially if you have children, -- children and dogs are taboo. We would finally find a place to hang out. No, I wouldn't like it and the husband thought I was too unreasonable. "I just can't find anything else, it'll have to do", he would say. So of course I'd take it, none too pleasant I must confess, but knowing it wouldn't be long until we would be gone. Those who have tried it know what is likely to follow, because everyone is tired and cross. It would stop just in time to prevent another divorce.

After moving thirteen times in three months we made up our minds that the trailer house was the solution. Now we have a lovely home on wheels. We may have been compelled to shut down on the beers, etc., until we got the papers that said it was ours, but we couldn't get along without it. Now when hubby says we have to move tomorrow, I say, "O. K., let's go, I'm ready." No packing, no harsh words to regret, no house to hunt when we get there, and above all a happy family -- so essential.

If you've never tried the trailer way of living on road jobs, I'd advise a'filing at it. I'm sure you'll agree it is the only way out. On the other hand if you have always lived in a trailer, don't get the idea it would be nicer to live in apartments or cabins, because a lot of the time they just aren't there.

I believe now you understand why I have called the Home on Wheels an "angel of peace."

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
'Tho it's not a mansion grand,
'Twill afford myself, hubby and kids
All the glorious times we've planned.
We'll work and we'll fish to our hearts content
And while others bicker and sob,
We'll hitch our house to the old sedan
And move to another job.



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A double feature noted at a Helena theater last week: "Men About Town" and "Unexpected Father".

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TOURIST TRAFFIC MAINTAINS INCREASE

The out-of-state car count taken at our nine port of entry stations as of August 19th shows an 11.5% increase over the corresponding period for 1938.

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ENGINEERING PERSONNEL, DIVISION #3

There are eleven active projects under way in this Division at the present time.

FAS 129-B, 3.425 miles of grading and graveling on the Columbus-Rapelje road in Stillwater County with Acting Project Engineer Oscar Ostenson in charge, assisted by Harry James, rodman, Herschel Storms, chairman, and Henry Drain, axeman.

FIP 6-B, Units 1 and 2 and FAP 334-D, Units 1 and 2, 5.428 miles of grading and construction of seven treated timber pile trestles on the Crow Agency-Broadus road in Big Horn County. Personnel on these projects includes George Cooper, project engineer, Wayne Clayton, instrumentman, Jerome Oliver, rodman and Donald Smith, axeman.

FAS 296-C, Units 1 and 2, 4.717 miles of grading and the construction of three treated timber pile trestles on the Billings-Broadview road in Yellowstone County. George Barrett is Project Engineer in charge, Robert Roundtree, acting instrumentman, and Melbourne Coffey, chairman.

FAGH 53-B, Unit 2, construction of a 268'4" steel and concrete overpass over the Northern Pacific tracks near Pompeys Pillar on U. S. 10 in Yellowstone County, together with grading and oiling of the approaches with Acting Project Bridge Engineer Dick Larson in charge.

FAS 320-B, construction of a 244' 3-span steel and concrete bridge over the Clark's Fork River near Belfry in Carbon County, together with the grading and graveling of approaches with Project Bridge Engineer Frank Robbins in charge.

Project Engineer Milo Lahn is in charge of five projects in the vicinity of Roundup, total mileage is 35.328 miles. Contracts include a small amount of grading as well as subbase material and road mix oiling and the construction of small drainage structures. Assisting Milo is Tom Hatchford, instrumentman, Frank Davis, rodman, Lee Corkran, head checker, and assistant checkers, L. P. Giese, Marten Carstens, Milton Coutu, Roy Brenden, John Shannon, John Krivic, Dan Burrington, Mike Golob and Boyd Kincheloe.

Bridge Inspector J. C. Berres was recently transferred from bridges on the Crow Agency-Broadus road to Division No. 10 at Bozeman.

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The following cryptic question came along with the other Division Three material, and has aroused the curiosity of the staff. Will someone in the know please inform us?

"We wonder if the women at Hammond called Alex Fandrich's bluff. How about it, Alex?"

MEET THE BOYS WHO GET MOST OF THE KNOCKS:

R. J. (Dick) Ryan, Maintenance foreman. One of the old-timers with the Highway Department. Employed April 25, 1923, he is one of the hardest working, most excitable employees the State has today. Dick can use up at least two Fedoras on each Betterment of Special Maintenance job. Dick is still single, girls.

A. C. (Mack) McGrudor, Maintenance Foreman. Another Irishman who is on his toes all of the time and has some ready wit for most occasions. Mack was employed March 3, 1931, and has been on most every job the Maintenance Department has to offer, even supervisor of several of Franklin D's alphabetical codes. Mack is married and has a son in the Navy and a beautiful daughter. Mack will bear watching after nightfall.

E. A. (Dex) Dexheimer, Sectionman at Big Timber, was employed April 14, 1927 one of the old timers in the road game. Dex has faced so many of those westerly breezes that blow down from Livingston that he has developed an armor coat on his face that will withstand any storm and something that whiskers will hardly penetrate. Dex handles the Section from Springdale to Reed Point and ten miles north of Big Timber toward Harlowton.

J. A. Baker, employed April 30, 1930, Jim is sectionman at Columbus and has charge of the Highway in Stillwater County from Reed Point to a point midway between Park City and Laurel. Jim is a family man and while his youngsters are seldom at home anymore, he enjoys looking out for the grandchildren. Jim has been a buckaroo in his day and helped materially with the Billings rodeo in past years, and he also has ideas at times of being a peace officer.

Throop McCracken. Throop is sectionman at Bridger, was employed during his teens March 24, 1931, and has scratched several cats (caterpillar tractors) even making them lie down at times. Throop is also a good fisherman, at least for bull heads at Lake Elmo; if the game warden would only stay at home. Throop has charge of U.S. 310 from the Port of Entry at Rockvale south to the Wyoming line near Francis, Wyoming.

Miles Throop, employed August 17, 1931, is sectionman on U. S. 10 between Billings and Pompeys Pillar. Miles has been truck driver, cat skinner, booster driver, oil foreman and what not. He still lives on the Throop ranch and most of the road apes eat from his melon or strawberry patch in season.

Rex Reno, sectionman at Hysham, employed August 17, 1931. Rex has charge of U.S. 10 through Treasure County, but was formerly on the Crow Reservation. Rex's first-born occurred at Hardin, and during the excitement the nurse brought out, by mistake, a brunette papoose, and Rex's red hair almost turned white. He finally was escorted to the right room, where his own child was safe with Mrs. Reno.

Wm. S. Bailey (Bill), sectionman at Red Lodge, back at his own home town where he was the first white child born in Red Lodge some 53 years ago. He was employed April 26, 1923. Bill has charge of the section of U.S. 12 from Rockvale to the Beartooth mountains at the foot of the famous Red Lodge-Cooke City Road. Bill has roamed the state on many oil crews and is now glad to be settled although he is still not safe from speeding cars as he recently had to take to the tall and uncut in order to save life and limb.

J. T. Crenshaw, (Tommie) was employed June 2, 1932, is sectionman at Roundup, where mama-in-law serves the good eats from the Bangalow Cafe. Tommie is quite a deer hunter but sometimes has to return home and get his buck in his dad's back yard near Pompeys Pillar. Tommie is a family man and lives just south of Roundup in or near, one of the towns many suburbs.

John Starina, employed on June 12, 1933, is sectionman at Crow Agency, and has charge of U.S. 87 from Hardin to Iona against the famous Custer Battlefield. John is quite handy with the welding torch and did a good portion of the work on the new sugar factory in the thriving town of Hardin.

Bruce Montgomery, Division Mechanic, was employed April 15, 1929, altho being first employed at Billings, has served quite some time in the Helena shop as well as many very cool evenings on snow plows in various sections of the State. Bruce has been pretty handy with his dukes in the not too distant past and has put quite a few of his class on the canvas. Maintenance equipment repair requires considerable work in the late hours, and Bruce always seems to have enough energy left to work part of the night as well as day shifts.

R. J. (Bob) Herriott, sectionman at Mossman, also one of the old timers employed June 19, 1927. Bob is married and has several little Bobbinoes to keep his nose to the grindstone and make him hope that there will be lots of snow in the winter so that the lay off will be shortened. Bob is better able to work if there are fewer house warming parties. Bob has charge of the road from Billings to Laurel, the heaviest traveled road in the State, also Laurel to Rockvale and 15 miles west of Laurel.

Louis Pettit, sectionman at Wyola. Louis was employed May 6, 1929, and has worked at all jobs that the maintenance has to offer. He is a family man and has two sets of youngsters. Louis has charge of the section of 87 between Iona on the Wyoming line through Lodge Grass and Wyola, one Port of Entry being located on his beat.

D. L. Fly, sectionman at Fly Inn. Lee was employed August 16, 1929, is married and has a daughter in New York City and two youngsters at home, who help Mrs. Fly run the Inn and gas station named in their honor "Fly Inn", which is a welcomed stopping spot for dry thirsty tourists and hot Model T's as it is just about the only stopping spot between Billings and Hardin. Fly has charge of that part of 87, mostly on the Crow Reservation between Pryor Creek and Hardin.

Roy Curry, sectionman working out of Billings, also mechanic in the winter months, was employed February 18, 1930. Roy has two sons and a daughter, and has a little tract of land at the edge of town but likes to eat down town where the blonde does the hashing. Roy came from the Fort Peck reservation and has kicked a cayuse all over the territory from the Dakota line to Glacier National Park. Roy has charge of 87 from Pryor Creek through Billings, to the Musselshell County Line.

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INDIAN CAVES

B4 A. L. Seaton

The first issue of Center Line contained an article concerning the Indian Caves located about seven miles south and east of Billings. I re-read this article while delving through the past issues in search of inspiration. Considerable development and research work has been in progress since the time the first article was published, and now the Indian Caves have become an archaeological find of the first magnitude.

Pictograph and Ghost Caves, as they are now known, were for years favorite picnic spots for the people residing in the vicinity of Billings. Investigation of an exposed cross-section of the debris in the floor of Pictograph Cave, caused by heavy rains during the spring of 1937, disclosed evidence of prehistoric human habitation. Further excavations by amateur archaeologists exposed more hearth levels and the artifacts found seemed to warrant continued extensive investigation.

As a result of these early investigations, a WPA project was set in operation, sponsored by the Montana School of Mines. The floors of Pictograph and Ghost Caves have been excavated to a depth as great as 20 feet in places, and at the present time seven distinct hearth levels have been found. These levels are easily distinguished, even by the rankest amateur. A total of approximately 40,000 artifacts have been found to date. Among the more interesting finds are bone awls and needles, drills, scrapers, knives, harpoons, thousands of arrow heads, a small amount of crude pottery and fire-making implements. Two skeletons have been removed, one that of a girl of about 12 years and the other of a man. According to evidence at hand, the archaeologist in charge theorizes that this is the skeleton of a hunter just returned from a kill. Found sitting cross-legged before the remains of a fire and with a quiver of arrows slung across his back, it is evident that this early resident was partaking of a meal of pemmican when a slab of sandstone fell on him, crushing his skull. This skeleton is complete except for a few skull fragments.

That these early settlers did a fair amount of traveling is evidenced by the variety of artifacts at hand. For instance, there are dozens of arrow heads chipped from flint, and flint is not now found west of the Ozark Mountains. Baskets and bags made of birch bark have been found here, and birch does not grow within hundreds of miles of these caves. A stone axe taken from an excavation here is the only one of its kind ever found in this part of the United States and very closely resembles axes found in excavations in New Mexico and Arizona. These articles may have come into the possession of the local tribes by other means though, perhaps by conquest of neighboring tribes who had previously obtained them from more distant tribes. Be that as it may, there is still another implement, the presence of which in this locality is still unexplained. That is a harpoon made from the antler of a reindeer. Since reindeer have not been known to exist within several hundreds of miles from here, it is inferred that the broken harpoon was carried here by migrating animals that were wounded further north.

Another interesting find, or finds, are skin pouches filled with pigments, yellow and red. Pictographs on the walls and roof of the caves drawn and colored with these pigments are really on to stay. During the course of excavating the foreman daubed some of this paint on the point and handle of a WPA pick. Now this pick was said to have been in use through the duration of the job, and, believe it or not Ripley, the paint is good as ever and shows not the least sign of wear. It is either plenty good paint or -- let's just skip it.

In view of the fact that no where else in the Great Plains country has more than three distinct strata of human habitation been found, and considering that seven such strata are here plainly discernible, it is plain to see that the Indian Caves are among the most important archaeological finds of recent years.

The site is now open to the public, since title to the land was obtained by the State of Montana through the State Highway Department. Visitors are becoming more and more numerous as the word spreads. Some time when you want to take a trip and don't know where to go, visit these caves. You will find a cool, shady picnic ground, fine spring water piped down from a year-round spring up next to the rim rocks, an ornate native stone museum built by the WPA to house the exhibits and a caretaker in charge to explain the significance of the various artifacts on display. If you are in any sense an amateur archaeologist, then you can't afford to miss it.

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George Barrett is on his annual leave of absence, and when last seen was heading for the old home stomping grounds in and around Missoula.

Bob Rountree is likewise vacationing, Yellowstone Park and Miles City, as well as all the better fishing spots being included in the itinerary.

Bruce Montgomery has his vacation all lined up, but won't give your reporter the dope. Have an idea that Bruce will do a lot of whatever he has figured out, though.

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Dave McDowell has resigned his position with the department as Project Engineer to accept employment in sunny California. Have heard indirectly that the new job is agreeing with Dave, and here is best wishes for continued luck and lots of it.

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Curves & Angles

This column seems to be transforming itself into a society section with the announcements of so many weddings and engagements. We wonder just what we will use for news after all the romances have been taken care of and we settle down to a long cold winter.

The next wedding listed on our social calendar will be that of Jerry McDevitt and Virginia Henter, which will take place September 2. Jerry is a draftsman in the Plans Division and has been with the highway department for five years. He is originally from Kalispell. Miss Henter has been employed in the Accounting Department of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company for several years. The couple plan to spend their honeymoon on the coast.

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Jerry says that if anyone is in doubt as to what to give them for a wedding present, that pillows will be very acceptable. He and his bride-to-be have twelve pairs of pillow cases, but no pillows. After all, what is a pillow case without a pillow!

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Kathryn McLean, of the Planning Survey steno force, is the proud possessor of a diamond ring. Clarence Ratchye is the lucky fellow. No definite date has been set as yet for the wedding, but Dame Rumor has it that it will be sometime this fall.

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Noted on a local theater marquee recently - Bank Nite, of course!!! "Robert Young in 'Bridal Suite' with \$350.00 Free".

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Florence Reeser is looking full of pep and enthusiasm following her vacation. Anita Evans substituted in the Bridge Department while Florence was away.

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Horace Williams has been conducting a census among the girls in the Helena office, trying to settle once and for all a question that has been uppermost in his mind for some time. What perturbs this gentleman is whether girls prefer free love and paper plates or matrimony and dirty dishes. For some reason or other he just can't seem to agree with those voting for the latter.

* * * * *

Mrs. Ed O'Neil, formerly Bea Hart, dropped in on us the first part of August. Bea was employed in the legal section of the Right of Way Division for about a year and resigned in 1935 to be married. Her home is now at Havre, where Mr. O'Neil is associated with his father in the contracting business.

Eve Kraft, of the Planning Survey, accompanied the O'Neils to Seeley Lake for a week's vacation following their visit here.

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Kay McCarthy MacIntyre spent a few days of her vacation visiting in Spokane.

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Ruth Skinner and Mary Dimich drove to Yellowstone Park for a week and a short time ago.

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Have you heard about Horace Williams and his harem? He certainly knows how to pick 'em and has been observed driving his fair young ladies over to Anacosta, taking them on picnics, etc. You might ask him what name has been bestowed upon his chariot.

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Snacking of harems, Harry Fuller is doing pretty well for himself, too. Have you ever noticed when he drives into his parking place in the rear of the building?

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Mary Morris recently heard from Mrs. Gunter Thompson (nee Unarose Plannery), who at one time was employed in the Bituminous Division. Unarose has been residing in Denver since her marriage and has a small son, David Francis.

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Fernetta Rico, of the Right of Way Division, is vacationing in San Francisco. Maybelle Redding is working in the Right of Way office during Fernetta's absence.

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If a man and a diamond are big and brilliant enough, one doesn't mind a few flaws in them; but, for some reason, Heaven knows why, a woman and a pearl are expected to be absolutely perfect.

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Frances Durfee, of the Planning Survey, spent a few days at Glacier Park and Waterton during August.

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Submitted in behalf of Evelyn Coffey (author unknown):

Why laugh at hats the women wear
Although they may amuse?
I think by far much funnier are
The husbands women choose.

* * * * *

Helen Finn Jones, our telephone operator and information clerk,
is spending her vacation at Lincoln and vicinity.

* * * * *

Evie, the office wit, suggests that as long as "Juarez" is pronounced "Worez", why isn't "Jawort" pronounced "Wowort"?

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Be sure to read the articles written by Mrs. Milo Lahn and Mrs. Tom Ratchford appearing in this issue of the Center Line. Both are wives of highway men employed in the Billings District. We are very grateful to these ladies for their contributions and are pleased at the interest they are showing in this publication.

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The Typist

She dances, dines,
Romances, wines;
Finds life worth while, and
then
At nine A. M.,
Next day, pro tem.,
Reverts to type again.

* * * * *

Mrs. Roland Schroeder, formerly Margaret Riddell, who was employed in the highway patrol office in Helena until her marriage last spring, dropped in at the highway building this month. Margaret is now living in San Francisco and stopped here enroute to Billings, where she will visit her mother who is ill.

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Dear Sir,

I am not a writer in any sense of the word, but, like a steer, am ready to try anything once. I thought that in the event of your being short of material for the Division Three number of the Center Line, you might be able, by re-writing the enclosed, to make it readable, and to use it to fill up space. I could sit down for a week and tell you how we built tea plantations and roads and dams etc., in India and Ceylon, but when it comes to putting it down on paper, I am just not there.....

(Ed: We think Harry James is there, and implore him to tell us about India and Ceylon. Until then, we give you --

ROAD BUILDING IN INDIA

By

Harry James, Div. 3

Road building in India is quite a different proposition to what it is in this country. I have in mind a piece of road we built through the famous Khyber Pass between India and Afghanistan some years ago.

In the construction of this road there was no machinery used at all. Instead, all the labor was performed by coolies, who worked under military supervision. The coolies were divided into gangs of about three hundred, each under the supervision of non-commissioned officers of the Indian army. Each gang would have its own special job to do. There would be gangs to quarry rock, and then others to break the rock down to its variable usable sizes. The lording gang would be furnished with shovels, and would load the dump gangs. The coolies of the dump gangs were supplied with common half bushel baskets, and each gang under the orders of its naika, or corporals of the native army, would form a circular column between the borrow and the dump. As the coolie got to the borrow his basket would be filled by the loading gang and he would then load the basket on his head and take up his place in the line. On reaching the fill he would dump his load on orders from the dump-boss, who was a non-com of the Sappers and Minors, the Engineer Corps of the Indian Army. It was then spread and raked by hand.

Each layer of dirt and rock was sprinkled with water by the Bhisti or water gang. These men carried water in goatskin bags and sprinkled it by hand. It is not uncommon to see a piece of road being built without an animal or piece of machinery being used, the only tools being picks, shovels, rakes and stone hammers.

The coolies were signed to a three year contract, and paid the huge sum of four annas, or eight cents, a day, on which they seemed to thrive as after serving their contract it was not uncommon to buy a wife and quit work to settle on a small piece of land, where the wife would raise a little rice and keep him idle. (Ed: Maybe they've got something there). Incidentally, about sixty percent of the coolies were women who were as a rule better workers than the men.

The work of the engineers was purely supervisory and technical, as no white man ever does any manual labor there (Ed: Looks like they've got it again) and the labor gangs were handled by the native supervisors. Usually the engineers would be out on the job about two hours before sun-up and back in their quarters by six-thirty a.m. Then they would go out again after sundown for an hour or so and look over the work in the company of the native supervisors. All the engineers were military men, belonging to or being attached to the Sappers and Miners, which is the Engineer Corps of the Indian Army.

Surprising as it may seem, these roads really stand up, although what they would be like under the traffic our Montana roads have to stand is a question. This road through the Khyber Pass, being the main road between Peshawar in India and Kabul in Afghanistan, is guarded at all times. Caravans are only permitted to go through on certain days of the week, when they are escorted through the pass by the Khyber rifles, a special force of northern tribesmen enlisted to guard the pass and its approaches.

.....

The dapper little engineer glanced at the menu, and then looked up at the pretty waitress.

"Nice day, little one," he began.

"Yes it is," she answered, "and so was yesterday, and my name is Ella, and I know I'm a little peach and have pretty blue eyes, and I've been here quite a while, and I like the place, and I don't think I'm too nice a girl to be working in a hotel; if I did I'd quite the job, and my wages are satisfactory, and I don't know if there's a dance in town to-night, and if there is I won't go with you, and I'm from the country, and I'm a respectable girl, and my brother is the cook in this hotel, and he weighs 200 pounds, and last week he wiped up this dining room floor with a fresh fifty-dollar engineer who tried to make a date with me. Now, what'll you have?"

The dapper little engineer said he wasn't so very hungry, and a cup of coffee and some hot cakes would do.

.....

At the family home in Butte on August 22 death came to W. A. Shields, Testing Laboratory employee for the past seven years.

Bill was born in Butte on May 9, 1884. Completing his common and high school education in the city of his birth, he attended All Hallows, in Salt Lake City, an institution no longer in existence. On his return to Butte, Bill entered the service of the ACM Company where he engaged in the mining game for 27 years in duties ranging from office work to hard rock mining. His mining activities also took him to Pony, Mayrsville, Rimini and other Montana mining districts. Bill entered the employ of this department on September 22, 1932, in the Testing Laboratory and was employed until February of this year when he was granted a sick furlough. He submitted to an operation at that time, and showed improvement for several weeks, but finally took a turn for the worse.

.....

RED LODGE-COOKE CITY HIGHWAY

By
L. R. Sampson, Res. Engr.

For the most scenic, high-gear drive you have ever had, come to Division No. 3 and Red Lodge. Here begins the highroad over the Beartooth country that has thrilled thousands of travelers since it was opened in 1936.

Words cannot describe the spectacular scenery---lights and shadows cast ever changing colors over deep ravines, and lush valleys spread at your feet. Mountains that reach almost to the heavens have jagged peaks jutting into the skies. Above timberline at 11,000 feet, you look downward on giant pines, spruce and fir etched against the steep slopes, constantly snow-clad.

This new highway has been built by the National Government at a cost of approximately \$2,500,000. Oiled and railed, it is the safest highway in any mountain region. Climbing from 6,000 feet in Rock Creek Canyon and zigzagging upward for 24 miles, with a grade of $5\frac{1}{8}\%$, until the top of the plateau is reached at an elevation of 11,000 feet above sea level. The road is oiled with high type plant mix for 15 miles and with good penetration oil from there to Cooke City, Silver Gate and the Park entrance.

The entire region around Red Lodge, the Beartooth area, is a fisherman's paradise. Lakes and rushing mountain torrents abound with rainbow, cut throat, and delicious brook trout. Whether you are a devotee of dry fly or wet, you will find plenty of sport when a fighting trout hits your line.

Red Lodge is the center of many interesting side trips. Among the short trips that attract travelers are the Yellowstone-Beartooth-Bighorn geological project; Grasshopper Glaciers in which myriads of Pre-historic grasshoppers are encased in ice. The Dry Creek Oil Fields, the East Rosebud Lakes and the Paleozoic Palisades. A fresh, soft water swimming pool is used extensively by tourists.

Red Lodge is in the midst of one of the wildest, most primitive areas in the United States, the Beartooth region. Deer, elk, bear, and the smaller fur-bearing animals are a common sight. Located in the town is the famed See-Em-Alive Zoo in which is confined every animal and bird native to this area.

Red Lodge, a town of more than 3,000 persons, is a thriving center of a vast coal and chrome deposit, as well as rich farming and cattle lands. Only an hours drive by car from Billings, it is on the Northern Pacific Railway. If you fly, take the Northwest Airlines to Billings, and thence by rail to Red Lodge. If you drive, take U.S. 10 or 12.

Try to make your visit to this vicinity during the late spring or early summer as soon as the road is cleared of snow and we will promise you a thrill a minute.

* * * * *

INDIAN LORE

A few miles below Livingston, Montana is marked the site of the brutal murder of John Bozeman after whom the city of Bozeman, Montana is named. This incident might seem to reflect unfavorably upon Indian character but the act was in no manner characteristic of the race. Treachery has been generally ascribed to them, but those who knew them best have repeatedly testified that when the councils of their chiefs had once deliberated and the peace pipe had passed between them and the whites, they adhered strictly to their agreements, in fact more conscientiously than did their white aggressors. Time and again treaties were broken until, as Duncan McDonald of Missoula once said, "The Indians grew to have no confidence whatever in the promises made in treaties."

Chief Joseph was cited by McDonald as being especially suspicious of treaties. It must be remembered however that no treaty could be regarded as final by a constantly advancing race of gold seekers. They either did not know of the treaties or knowing did not care to observe them. The whites then taking by force the Indian's means of livelihood, the buffalo, and the land over which the buffalo roamed, destroyed completely any confidence he might have had in the white man's word.

In the conflict which ensued there were called into action certain men among the Indians who by virtue of their genius and good judgement became leaders in this unequal conflict. Their efficiency was never doubted by generals of the army who knew Indian tactics, and when that efficiency was doubted, it was to the sorrow of the uninformed. Among those great chiefs was Sitting Bull of the Sioux. That Chief's version of the Battle of the Little Big Horn is worthy of consideration, for in whatever historians of our day may disagree, they are mostly of one opinion as to Sitting Bull's sagacity.

Those who know Indians best and lived with them for years, not to exploit them as furtraders did, but with a sincere desire to understand them.....those who trusted them and gave them respect, invariably learned to regard them highly. Among those who labored among them were missionaries both Protestant and Catholic. One such missionary who lived among them for thirty years gave reliable and striking testimony concerning Sitting Bull from which it may be learned that Sitting Bull, the Chief who was a prime factor in the defeat of Custer in the battle of the Little Big Horn, was endowed with most excellent reasoning powers. In Council with other chiefs of the Sioux Tribe, they concluded that should gold be discovered in the Black Hills by the whites, then all hope that they might be able to hold their lands would vanish. It was therefore enacted that any Indian revealing the fact of the existence of gold in the Black Hills must be killed and further that, should they discover that any white man had found gold there, he should likewise be slain. Should the whites gain a foothold in the Sioux country, then, they reasoned, they must be supplanted. History proves them to have been correct.

The assertion that Sitting Bull was merely a medicine man is readily disproved by the fact that in order to carry out their decrees in Council they chose Sitting Bull as Commander in Chief of all the Sioux bands. The Sioux were warriors and they would hardly have chosen him had he not been the efficient leader most historians recognize him to have been.

For days previous to the Battle the Indians knew of the coming of the army. This advance information gave them full opportunity for extensive preparation. They knew how the whites charged into camps, killing men, women and children, hence they removed the helpless and non-combatants into places of safety. Their teepees were left standing, fires were built in them, stakes adorned with strips of colored blankets were set throughout the camp; in fact the army was led to believe that no one expected an attack or even knew of their approach. The ruse worked. As to the conduct of the soldiers after they had made their surprise attack upon the camp and found it forsaken and their being attacked by the Indians from the surrounding hills, well, there is too much of a disagreement on that point and its consideration cannot be entered into in one brief article.

That Custer was not a brave and experienced Indian fighter, it would be difficult to prove, or that Sitting Bull was ever anything other than a worthy opponent of the General would be equally difficult to demonstrate. One of the best informed among those who knew Sitting Bull expressed a strong desire to return to the Dakotas, to the lands of the Sioux and also, he declares, that Sitting Bull did not want to fight and fought only when forced to do so. It is possible that at times in his hatred of the intruders, he was impelled to attack wagon trains and to massacre his people's enemies. So much then for what may be interpreted as a defense of Indian character and of this certain Indian Chief, Sitting Bull, in particular.

Turning now to later Indian history may I say that undoubtedly the Yellowstone River country had been for many years a most desirable hunting ground. Even to our day, wild life persists and were the intrusions of the whites to cease for only a few years, this river and its tributaries would be overrun with elk, deer and antelope. Not infrequently of late, deer are seen crossing the highways ahead of cars and their number is rapidly increasing, especially in the upper regions of the Absarokee Range above the city of Columbus. The Crow Indian country was always considered a good country. The lower Yellowstone valley and the adjoining prairie lands were brown with grizzled herds of buffalo, while elk, deer and antelope roamed in their feeding grounds on the prairies and in the foothills of the Absarokee and Beartooth ranges toward the south.

At last the Crow Tribe having lost most of their buffalo lands were confined within a reservation extending from Gardiner and Livingston Montana at the west far to the eastward on the south side of the river. Over this untamed huntingground, Plenty Coops, last of the great Crow Chiefs, ruled. Always of keen mind, he recognized very early the futility of opposition to the whites. His younger warriors at times heartily disapproved of his pacific attitude and this gave him a smaller following at times than he might otherwise have had, but in the end, Plenty Coops' unswerving loyalty to the government brought him great honor and recognition and he was to be found in the later years in the company of presidents, commissioners and foreign diplomats. In all of their councils his judgment was recognized. He became the north western and national Indian representative for many years.

It was in the year 1879 that "Many Brave Deeds" (which is what his name "Plenty Coops" really means) was chosen among others to represent his people at Washington and from that year on until the infirmities of age made it impossible, he sat in every council of his people. In his

youth Plenty Coops was like all other young men of the tribe, he fought their enemies, the Sioux especially; he raided distant tribes and stole horses; he loved the Indian girls as others did; and he believed in the traditions of his race. He was religious and very early in his young manhood made his journey from the Beartooth Range into the Crazies some twenty miles north of the city of Big Timber, Montana, and there fasted and prayed until the vision of his future was given him.

In that vision he had given to him his good medicine as well as the course of his career. At the last he was to find himself sitting under his trees in his cabin, near a stream with mountains in the background. He later ascertained also that he was told that he would have no child but that all the Crows were to be his children. Essentially, these predictions were fulfilled. It is said that Plenty Coops during his long lifetime had had eleven wives, but that while several children were cared for in his home, none were born to him by any of his squaws. Indeed, eleven wives should have made of him a great Chief. Such training for one man might seem unfair to all the other chiefs.

In the year 1893 he married "Kills Together" with whom he lived for thirty years, and upon her death he married her sister "Strikes the Iron" according to the custom of the tribe.

Gradually the Crow Reservation was reduced in area until the agency first established at Mission Creek a few miles east of Livingston, Montana, was moved to East Rosebud Creek some five miles above the little inland town of Absarokee which lies fourteen miles above Columbus. Later it was removed to where it is now located at the station of Crow Agency east of Billings, Montana, and near the Custer Battlefield.

Plenty Coops spent his last days at Pryor, a small village at the foot of the Pryor Range, in southern Montana. His old home ranch he deeded to the government. Here he lies buried and here some day those who are interested in the perpetuation of his glory may erect a suitable monument to the man who more than any other Indian contributed to the peaceable development of the Yellowstone river country and ungrudgingly made his relinquishments to the incoming white man.

To every race there comes some greater soul
Destined to rise, ordained to serve the race
With vision far, to reach some better goal,
Who finds at last his undisputed place.

So was our honored Plenty Coops who found
His lasting honor in the love he gave;
He lies not here beneath this earthly mound
Great souls sleep not within a narrow grave.

For, love must live, 'tis an unchanging thing;
Service for others, love's eternal use;
Well may men say, "He stands, a Prince, a King;
This only marks the dust of Plenty Coops.

* * * * *

Note: The author of the foregoing article failed to sign it, but Thanks! Ed.

POMPEY'S PILLAR OVERPASS

By
Dick Larson

The contract on FAGH 53-B, Unit 2, Overpass & Approaches two miles west of Pompey's Pillar was let November 29, 1938 to Bernard-Curtiss Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota, for the sum of \$89,382.40, to be completed by August 31, 1939.

The contractor started work December 15, 1938, using a small crew of men throughout the winter months, excavating for footings and driving foundation piling. Poured the first concrete March 15, 1929 and the final pour was made on August 4, 1939.

During the first few pours it was necessary to protect the concrete from freezing, and this was taken care of by moving a local steam engine onto the job, to heat the sand and gravel and to protect the now concrete from freezing.

A now six inch Pumperote plant was set up on this job and was used throughout the main pours. Two pours of better than 100 yards each were made in continuous runs.

The overpass is a five span, 268'4" steel and concrete structure, and crosses the Northern Pacific Railroad on a 35 degree angle. The grade coming onto and going off of the overpass is a plus and minus 5% grade; with the center of a 1200' vertical curve coming in the middle of the structure. One six degree curve stops and another starts on the intermediate spans, with a parabolic curve on the roadway throughout the center span, and a transition starting at the ends of this span to a 1.2' super at the bridge ends.

The project at present has not been completed, but with average luck and good weather it should be by the required date.

This structure will eliminate a dangerous railroad crossing, which heretofore has been hazardous to the traveling public; then too, the traveler going west over the new overpass receives the best view of Pompey's Rock yet offered from the highway. From this elevation the Rock stands out distinctly to the travelers right, plainly outlined against the bluffs.

There in July, 1806, Captain William Clark of the Lewis and Clark Expedition stopped on his journey down the Yellowstone River and inscribed his name and the date upon "Pompey's Tower" as Captain Clark chose to call it. Since that time the Rock has been an historical landmark which attracts tourists as well as Montanans. In place of the buffalo that doubtless roamed in great numbers here, feeding upon the native grasses, and according to Captain Clark's own description in his writings, making such noise as to disturb the expedition party's slumber, there may now be seen the local farmer's cattle, horses, and sheep grazing contentedly within fenced pastures.

The Rock, however, stands the same today as it did that summer over a century ago, unchanged by time or the elements, a monument to the days of the Indians, buffalo and the Lewis and Clark Expedition and a landmark noteworthy of attention from the average American tourist.

DIVISION EIGHT ITEMS

Employees of Division Eight were deeply saddened by the recent death of William Popp, widely known resident of the Powder River country, and a former sectionman for the Montana Highway Department at Miles City.

Bill was one of the most popular employees in the division, known not only for his cheerful disposition, but for the competent manner in which he effected his duties as a highway maintenance employee.

Bill will long be remembered in the memories of all who knew him and the deepest sympathy is extended by the highway members to his family in their hour of bereavement.

* * * * *

VACATIONITES - MILES CITY

Ernie Hiber gathered up his family brood and vacationed in and around Billings vicinity for two weeks. Ernie informs us he spent a few days on his parents' farm and his muscles were really a-creakin' after he did a wee bit of wheat shocking.

* * * * *

T. A. Bovee and his family visited in Missoula and the western part of the State on their vacation trip and he reports a very enjoyable time was had by all.

* * * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Olson and their son spent their vacation in Anaconda. Apparently Oscar really enjoyed his vacation judging by the numerous trout beauties he brought back with him.

* * * * *

Jerry Lester, his wife, and the little Lesters, visited in Bozeman for a few days and returned by way of Yellowstone Park and Cooke City. We understood Jerry went on a trip to go fishing but strange as it may seem, he never mentioned (or hasn't yet) the proverbial number of fish he caught?? (We wonder about the fishing part because Jerry did catch a corkin' good cold.)

* * * * *

Don Herndon and his wife spent a few days in Laramie, South Dakota, and then really enjoyed themselves by returning to the Treasure State and journeying up to Yellowstone Park for the remainder of their vacation.

* * * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Darrell Gudmundson made a pleasurable trip up to and through Yellowstone Park on a brief vacation trip.

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VITAL STATISTICS

-Stork Column-

Marie Swartz, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds in weight, born on July 24, 1939 to Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Swartz at Jordan.

-Matrimonial Department-

Francis Ramstad of Poplar took unto himself a wife, formerly Myrtle Lund of Minneapolis, Minnesota, on July 18. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. R. Francis is working on the Jordan-Circle grading job with headquarters at Jordan, the metropolis of Garfield County.

* * * * *

Rumors floated into the division office that one of the S. I.'s at Baker (FAP 86-B (3), Baker-Plevna Job) also fell by the wayside and got married. Your division reporter wrote to Jerry Lester, also down at Baker, and asked for the dope - following is the info Jerry sent in.

..... "Bob Morrill married Dorothy Stephens - both are from Sidney and were married there on May 28th. You didn't ask for this but Mrs. M. is a very pretty little brunette. We were certainly surprised when Bob came back that weekend with a wife to say nothing of a new Ford coupe, but we really congratulated Bob on his choice for a life partner." (We aren't paid for advertising so we'll leave your opinion on the choice of the auto Bob chose up to you.)

* * * * *

Bill Cheney (Planning Survey) may not carry memories of the beautiful mountains and lakes he chanced to discover while gravel testing in Division 8, but he will have "Fanny" by which to remember Miles City. "Fanny" is the name "Slim" Sanders gave to a little black and white dog (just plain dog) that followed Bud Cline to work one morning. "Fanny" became part of the division eight headquarters, and inasmuch as everyone became very fond of "Fanny", it was decided that someone should adopt her for fear she might be run over, so Bill, by unanimous consent, adopted "Fanny". But, one morning, "Fanny" accidentally ran under the wheels of a car and broke her leg. The break appeared to be a bad one and it looked as though the best remedy was a gun to put the little puppy out of her misery...but rather than be too hasty, Bill and "Slim" carted "Fanny" down to the veterinary - and now "Fanny" is just about ready to have the cast removed from her leg and is feeling as frisky and chipper as ever. Even though the fellas in Miles miss the little canine, it is with satisfaction that we know she has a good master. What better memory could Bill have of Miles City than "Fanny"?

* * * * *

SIDE SWIPES

BY PSYNUS

Thanksgiving moved up one week - with possibilities of being moved up still another week in 1940. Done for the sake of Christmas business - football business howled. Our own reaction is that the idea should have been carried one step further - the holiday proclaimed for a Monday.

Traditional conservative England has many more two day holidays than U.S. We, they haven't changed the calendar. Merely do their celebrating on the nearest Monday. Advocates of calendar reform usually include a provision for making all holidays double.

What has this to do with highway safety? It is pointed out that highway accidents increase with the increased double holiday travel. Car Labor Day accident toll will as usual make headlines. The remedy is simple. Prohibit travel, autos, highways. Wonder somebody didn't think of it sooner.

Come to Maine
and
Admire Our Billboards

Stickers worded as above are now being attached to letters sent by thousands of Maine women who were irked when Maine legislators refused to increase the tax on billboards.

At Calais a U.S. tourist was miffed when French customs agents warned her that the tax free time limit on her \$6,669 Cadillac had nearly expired. She could take it out of the country or pay a heavy duty. At Dover customs officials barred the car's entry. Further irked she had the car dumped into the sea.

In London, the British Government ordered 1,400,000 babies' gas masks, designed to allow thumb-sucking.

Dictatorship: A system of government where everything that isn't forbidden is obligatory. Manchester Guardian.

When the U.S. again goes to war, three master agencies will rise overnight in Washington: a Selective Service Administration to draft man power; a War Resources Administration to draft and rule industry for the duration; a Public Relations Administration to mold the mass U.S. mind to the uses of war.

Information Please on a Platter. Finest rule of network broadcasting has been "no recordings". Yet if big name shows were centrally recorded and delivered to individual broadcasters for local transmission, they would have higher fidelity to the original than present wire hookups. Losers would be networks which would have little reason for existing and AT&T which collects some six millions annually from the networks for use of 202,000 miles of wire hookups. NBC's parent RCA owns the biggest recording outfit in the U.S. Henceforth Information Please (Tues. 8:30 EST) will be recorded by Los Angeles KBCA and plattered over 7 Blue Networks NBC stations at 8:30 PST.

In Brooklyn, Seaman Paul W. Worshau stretched himself out between the rails in a subway station, went peacefully to sleep while train after train thundered over him. Discovered, roused, examined, he was found uninjured, sober.

From Portsmouth, Va. one day last week Reporter Eddie Cramer telephoned his paper, the Wilmington Star News, gave his city editor the story of an automobile accident in which he has been injured. A few minutes later Reporter Cramer died.

Henry Fountain Ashurst has been Senior Senator from Arizona since its Statehood. He likes to hear himself called "the silver tongued sunbeam of Painted Desert". On public speaking: "A speech

is entertaining only when serenely detached from all information". On himself: "I suffer from cacoethes loquendi, a mania or itch for talking, and from vanity... and mobidity, and, as is obvious to everyone who knows me, an inborn, an inveterate flair for histrionics...I am pachydermatous...I am a veritable peripatetic bifurcated volcano on behalf of Democratic principles."

* * *

In St. Petersburg, Fla. two ladies protested to the city manager because the drakes on Mirror Lake outnumbered the ducks 5 to 1. Reported Public Works Head Frank Lee, to whom the complaint was referred: "I doubt whether we will be able to reason with the drakes and induce them to move elsewhere. As far as I have been able to determine, we have received no complaints from the female ducks."

* * *

Anywhere but Hollywood a hamburger is just a hamburger, but here it is a Squareburger, a Nutburger, and Onionburger, a Cheeseburger. One emporium exploits the "Glorified Hamburger" containing nuts, raisins, onions, relish and hamburger. A new barbecue stand has temporarily triumphed with "Barbicated Porkwich".

* * *

Aging Prophet H. G. Wells, 72, published in England his 85th book - "The Fate of Homo Sapiens". He contended that it is "still just possible" that democratic brainwork may avert Man's fate; otherwise mankind, "which began in a cave will end in the disease soaked ruins of a slum."

* * *

Among inventions recently patented at U.S. Patent Office:

An invisible hearing aid for the deaf, built entirely within a set of false teeth. A set of police claws to mount on the front bumper of a patrol car, grab a speeder's rear bumpers.

A muff for cornet and trombones, to fit over the keys, keep outdoor musicians hands warm in winter. An electrically heated steering wheel to warm motorists' hands.

A mailman's umbrella with slotted handle, to slip on the edge of a mailbox.

A barbers vacuum tube that fits around the customer's neck and shoulders, sucks up clipped hair.

A slipper with a whistle built in the toe. When the toe bends, it toots. (Hiya Toots)

* * *

Dry ice has found other uses than refrigeration. Drillers are using it to clean wells. A chunk is placed in a sealed well where the pressure generally blows the well clean. In the same manner, cartridges of liquid carbon dioxide are sealed in bore holes in mines where the stored up pressure blasts the coal down. A nurseryman soaked the earth around a tree with water; laid slabs of dry ice on top of the ground. When the earth around the roots was frozen the tree was lifted with a crane and moved without risk. Airplane rivets when chilled with dry ice contract - are inserted in their holes and expand to a snug fit. Dry ice is also useful in desensitizing areas of skin about to undergo painful treatment. One company froze the water main on each side of the break with it while repairs were made without depriving home between the reservoir and the break of water. An ingenious exterminator found that the gas from the melting ice killed weevils in grain elevators. Most of the dry ice is made by burning coke. The heat generated in this operation is used to fire boilers for the generation of electricity which runs the gas compressors.

* * *

One well known star offers her swimming pool on any day but Saturday and Sunday to not more than half a dozen boys from the House of Nazareth (Hollywood's version of Father Flanagan's Boys Town.) Her instructions are given to her press agent and read something like this: "Arrange tomorrow for six orphans and four photographers."

* * *

A BRIEF COAL MINE HISTORY OF ROUNDUP, MONTANA

by
Mrs. Tom Ratchford

Roundup is located at the foot of the Bull Mountains on the Musselshell River. With rolling hills and small valleys to the west, north and east of it. There are still a few ranches left along the river and in the valleys but the hill top and dry land farms are mostly a thing of the past.

This year the range land has been better than it has been in many years past and many of the old timers predict better times. They believe the rain this year has broken the dry spell and I believe that everyone of us hope that they are right.

The principal industry of Roundup is coal mining, which started in 1907 by the opening of No. 1 mine commonly referred to as the Old Klein Mine. It is located south of the depot and across the Musselshell River. It ran for five or six years and then due to property difficulties and the rising of the water in the main shaft they were forced to abandon it.

After the mine was abandoned, it filled with water and about fifteen years ago when Roundup's water supply ran low, they piped water from No. 1 mine. Now every year when the main source of water runs low, they have this extra water supply.

In 1908 No. 3 mine known as the Roundup Coal Co. started up. It is located just west of Roundup on the edge of town. It has been in operation now for thirty-one years and when it is running full they dump 1600 tons of coal a day. But during 1938 the mine only ran 85 days. The No. 3 mine has over three miles of tunnel and produces heavier than any of the other mines in operation near here.

There are also the Klein Mine, The Jefferies and the Prescott Mine that are still in operation. The Prescott mine dumps around 1200 tons daily when running full and runs more days each year than any of the other mines here.

There are many other mines in Roundup also, though they are smaller and do not produce as much or they are among those of the past. There are seven or eight different kinds of coal in the Bull Mountains and also many mines.

In the days when the mines were running full Roundup was a real busy little town. Before 1915 there were homesteads all over the nearby hills and valleys and for seven or eight years Roundup boomed as did all of the eastern Montana towns. Since that time Roundup has settled down to a very simple living and coal mining town.

* * * * *

GLENDIVE ITEMS

C. J. (Red Pete) Pederson and family returned July 27, 1939 from a six day vacation spent touring and visiting in North Dakota, Minnesota, and Iowa.

Pete couldn't resist spending a night in Valley City, N. D. spilling yarns with some of his ex-service buddies. The good old A.E.F.

Bird Island, Minnesota was the next port of call where the Red Petes spent a few days attending a family reunion of Mrs. Pete's kin folks.

On to Spirit Lake, Iowa, (and did Pete create a sensation with his big hat, but you know Pete, didn't bother him a bit). Pete says the cribs, fields and some of the natives are full of corn, in divers form of course. He also states that barley was selling for 16¢ per bushel, so the beer drinking brethern have something to look forward to. Back to the 5¢ mug of beer they hope.

After the week of rest(?) and recreation Pete was back on the job showing the boys how.

* * *

PD-Quite

Patrolman Davis (and Mrs. Davis) of Patrol District #4, are the proud parents of a pretty daughter, christened Patricia Diane, born June 11, 1939, and Papa is dopey about the dimpled darlin'.

* * *

SEE MONTANA FIRST

Louis Moholt and family spent a pleasant week visiting with Mr. Moholt's sister, Mrs. Sig Hegre of Missoula. Louie has had sort of a mountain lion look in both eyes since he returned. I wonder if he likes the mountains, no doubt. He didn't even go fishing, said he couldn't get far enough from town. We have to hand it to Louie nevertheless. He didn't get out of the State, so we have his gas tax 100%. More Montana Travelers from Montana. He is back on the job cooling off hot Model BBs and warming up overhaul jobs.

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RANDOM RIP RAP

THE NEW MAN VS. FIELD PARTY

Seems as though this young man had four years of engineering in school and considered himself good in that line. He then received a position as rear flagman on a locating party high in these Montana mountains. First day out was without mishap, or so everyone thought. The new man was getting quite a kick out of his job, just sitting and holding that long red and white pole with the point on it. In fact, he appeared to have a joke which was very funny and which he was keeping to himself. Three days went by and progress on the transit party was very good, although the country was rough and setups were very numerous.

On the third evening at the boarding house, the young man's joke had come to a breaking point, and as the boys were interested they gathered around to hear the story. Results were amazing:

College boy: "Say, how long has that fellow been running that gun?"

Rodman: "Oh, about ten years. Why?"

College boy: "Well, he isn't very smart. Since the day I started rear flagging I have had that long red and white pole about a foot off that tack every time he looked at it, and he hasn't caught me at it yet."

..... Frank Davis.

.....

If an honest confession is good for the soul, how happy must Tony be, for Tony is the name signed to the following ad which appeared in a recent issue of the Equity News:

For sale, a car with piston rings, two rear wheels and no front springs.

Has no fenders, seat or tank; burns lots of gas and hard to crank.

Carburetor busted half way through; engine missing, hits on two.

Three years old, four in the spring; has shock absorbers and everything.

Radiator busted, sure does leak; differential's dry, you can hear them squeak.

Ten spokes missing, front all bent; tires blown out, ain't worth a cent.

Got lots of speed, will run like the deuce; burns either gas or tobacco juice. Tires all off, has been run on the rim; to hold out much longer chances are slim. The name's scratched off, I don't know what it's called -- but it's a damn good car if it was overhauled.

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Montana Highway Dept.
Field Office
Missoula, Montana
August 18, 1939

To: R. J. Ephland, Div. Engr. Subject: ALA Proj. #1, Vacation
FROM: Geo. A. Barrett, Proj. Engr. Weekly Letter

Herewith please find the weekly letter covering the above named project for the week ending August 19, 1939.

ALA Proj. No. 1, Vacation;
Billings east and west; 1400
miles; Fishing and Recreation

Wife and Daughter, Contractors;
Geo. A. Barrett, Proj. Engr.
c/o Any good fishing lodge.
Completion date, Aug. 26, 1939.
Probable completion date, Aug. 28,
1939, at eight o'clock a.m.

Contract let Aug. 14, 1939.
Work started Aug. 12, 1939 (P.M.)

Progress during the week has been good. Sunday was spent in Miles City conferring with "Slim" and his cohorts regarding the softball problems between Div. 3 and Div. 8. The conference was a great success and for the present the difficulties were settled to the satisfaction of all parties, I believe, until Sept. 3, 1939, when the next meeting is to be held in Billings.

A very important question presented itself during the meeting, this being Slim's drainage and flood control problem, peculiar to the Leon Park area. The response to this issue was very gratifying, and the arguments as well as the illustrations were ably and earnestly handled by the entire assembly. The balance of the week was spent repairing equipment and journeying to the west end of the state, in hopes that I could be of some assistance to the boys over here. But I find that the flood season has passed, and their water is under control, their only problem being in finding something the fish will bite. Along these lines I find that I am of very little assistance, consequently I plan on seeking some secluded spot to study the problem out for myself before offering any advice or information. To date, this last item is only 1% complete.

Equipment: One Ford sedan, two rods and creels, small cooking utensils, one quarter "Roof", one dog.

The project employs three persons, all being residents of Montana. The project as a whole is 50% complete, or an equivalent of 700 miles.

Respectfully submitted,

Geo. A. Barrett, Project Engr.

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A BALLAD OF KEYSER CREEK

The morning was cold and windy,
The clouds were whipping past,
The sun was lost in a rain mist -
Dark, dismal, overcast.
The mud on the road was gumbo,
Slick, and adhesive too,
When our new car came sliding
Our shiny new car came sliding,
Slipping, lurching, sliding,
And brother, the air was blue!

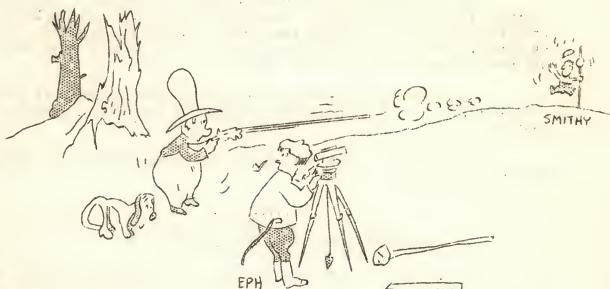
We'd our best clothes draped on our bodies,
Our shoes were polished and neat,
But we looked like a couple of shoddies
All mud from our head to our feet.
For we had to trench thru the gumbo
A path that the tires would take,
And we dug like dogs in the gumbo,
With rotten sticks in the gumbo,
And then fell flat in the gumbo,
And oh, how our bones did ache!

Over the high road we slithered,
And stuck on the sickening edge.
The wife hid her face and she blithered
As we hung on the dizzy ledge.
Then I looked on the road beyond us,
And who should be waiting there
But an engineer of the department
The Montana Highway Department,
And three other highwaymen with him,
Out in the cold wet air.

And bright as Mars on a dark night,
We saw the "clunk" by the road.
Nothing more welcome than that sight,
The old orange paint fairly glowed.
It may have seemed ordinary --
Four men and a wagon -- but
They had traveled the road we were going,
And plain on the road was showing
That we would have easier going,
They had made for us a rut!

And soon, of a rainy morning,
When Keyser Creek's thick with mud,
Where once the gumbo collected
Or fell from the wheels with a thud,
There will be the sweet sound of gravel
Clicking its fender song
And we'll thank the Highway Department,
The Montana Highway Department,
For the highwaymen who have labored
That we may ride smoothly along. "

The Division 3 cartoonist who submitted the drawing copied below was evidently handicapped by a case of modesty as he didn't sign the picture. It's a very creditable piece of work, and we'd like to give credit where it is due. The Center Line art staff is limited by its method of reproduction for work of this character, but we'll do the best we can by it.



John Farmer: "Here, let me show you how to hit that thing."

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Incidentally, if any of our readers have drawing ability we'd like to receive pieces similar to the above. Or if you have a gag or idea in mind but don't feel that you're equal to picturing it, shoot it in and we'll be glad to try our hand at sketching it.

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JUST AN OLD COW POKE

I have been busting broncos ever since I hit the trail.
I thought I could ride them from the tips of their ears to the roots of their tail.
But one little no count buckskin, nor worth six-bits to keep,
A black stripe running down his back, and as woolley as a sheep.
On earth, he had no limit, especially to air.
Every time he went aloft he tried to leave me there.
Away up in the highest heavens where the lights of Jerusalem shown,
That bronc and I perted, and the bronc came down alone.
They carried me to the bunkhouse and said, "Old boy, don't croak,
For bronco busters are getting scarce and we want that bronc broke."
I sold my chaps and saddle, my spurs they laid to rust,
In all my travels I saw many a bronco I could not begin to bust.
Since now I have taken up punching, yes punching stakes with an axe all day
It's only my hands that are blistered, when punching for the State Highway.

LOCAL BOY

J. R. Bower, Jr., well-known Helena young man, who has established an enviable scholastic record since his graduation from Helena high school in 1933, has gone to Montreal, Canada, to accept an assistantship in chemical engineering extended him by McGill University of that city.

Mr. Bower graduated with the bachelor of science degree from Montana State College in 1937. In recognition of his high scholastic standing he was awarded the Potlach scholarship to the University of Idaho at Moscow. He studied there for two years specializing in wood chemistry and received his master's degree last June.

In addition to his teaching and demonstrating duties at McGill University, Mr. Bower plans to work towards his doctorate in chemical engineering.

(Mr. Bower has worked in the Helena Testing Laboratory for the past two summers).

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FOREIGN ENGINEERS NOTE MONTANA MEET

D. L. Cheney, Bituminous Engineer and vice chairman of the fifth annual Montana Bituminous Conference which will be held in Sun Valley, Idaho, September 11-14, has announced the receipt of a letter from the editor of La Revue Petrolifere, a French highway construction magazine, stating that a notice of the conference will be carried in the next issue of the magazine.

The letter also said a special number of the publication had been published on asphalt and one of its four sections was devoted to Cheney's article on "The Construction of Bituminous Surfaces on the Highways of Montana."

The subsection of the publication including the Montana article dealt solely with design and construction of bituminous surfacing and "the American technique."

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LOCKEY PLEASE NOTE

Division Four will get its chance to fill up the pages of Center Line for the next issue. This and the two former numbers are going to give the following divisions something to shoot at.

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On August 13th a party of Billings softball players and visitors motored to Miles City. Slim Sanders had accepted the challenge of Eph that a team representing each division meet in battle, the loser to furnish a picnic and beer for all. The Billings delegation found about 300 people waiting to witness the scalping. Our Billings reporter sent in a full inning-by-inning account of the game, but let it suffice that Division 3 won, 13 to 2. A return game is scheduled for September 3rd.

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